

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

VOL. IX.

APRIL, 1903.

No. 7.

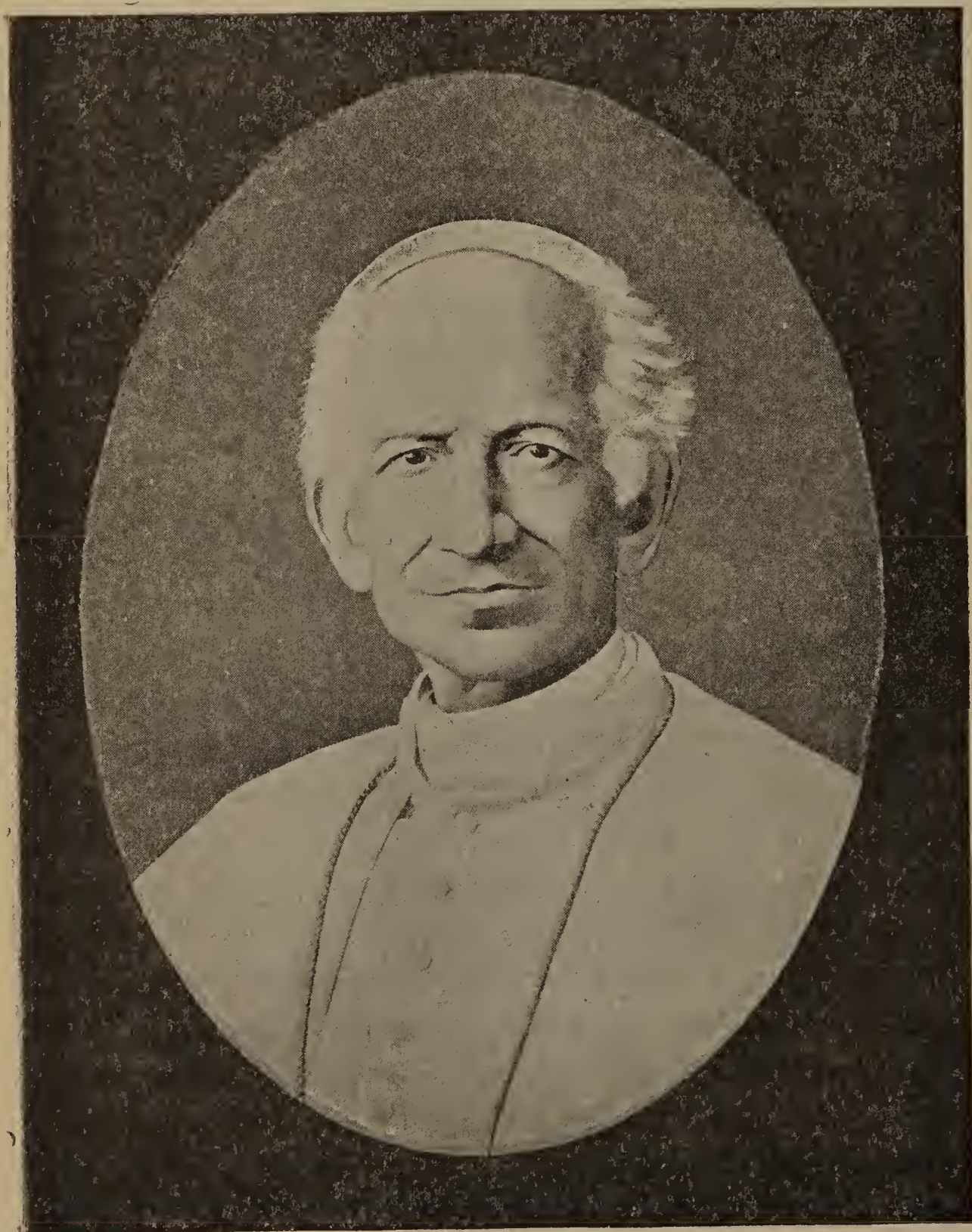
EASTER-JOYS.

Hark, the bells with gladsomepealing
Swell upon the tranquil air!
What sublime, majestic feeling
Reigns in nature everywhere!
Listen to the Easter-bells,
As they chime the happy story
O'er the vales and blooming dells,
Telling the Redeemer's glory:
Resurrexit, Allelujah!

Gone are sorrow, grief, and sadness,
Blooms encircle Nature's head;
Hearts are filled with hopeful gladness—
Christ has risen from the dead
As from night the morning—star;
Sin and World and Death are fleeing
As His glory beams afar.
Sinners hope, His banner seeing:
Resurrexit, Allelujah!

XAVIER J. JAEGER, '03.





POPE LEO XIII.

POPE LEO XIII.*

WHEN the angel of death extends his cold hand to lead away from the circles of the living some member of the family, it brings sorrow to all those whom nature and love have united to that unhappy individual. But if this member should be the head of that family, its father, and if death should claim him at an hour when wife and children depend for a livelihood upon the industry of his hands, then, indeed, language is a cold medium for expressing the grief that reigns among the friends and relatives of the deceased.

A day thus fraught with sorrow for the Church of Christ was the seventh of February, 1878, for on that day its visible head, the glorious Pope Pius IX., was summoned to render his account before the King of kings. When his death was announced to the world, every Catholic heart was filled with sadness, every Catholic eye looked forward with anxiety to the future welfare of the Church. What hand would be sufficiently strong to guide its destinies when the whole world was in ferment, when crowned heads and secret societies were plotting its ruin? Who would be a prisoner and still remain a pope, a subject of tyranny and nevertheless presume to rule the world?

Christ who promised never to forsake the Church had provided such a man, one known and

* Inaugural Address delivered by A. A. Schuette, in College Auditorium, St. Joseph's Day, March 19, 1903.

loved by all, Pope Leo XIII.—him, the “Lumen in Coelo”, whose undimmed splendor has now lorded the sky for more than a quarter of a century. Certainly, the life of this great Pontiff, if any, deserves to be studied.

Joachim Pecci was born March 2nd, 1810, at Carpineto, a town situated in the mountainous district of the ancient Volsci. At seven he was sent with his brother Joseph to a newly erected Jesuit College at Viterbo. After some years spent in that institution, he entered the Roman College, and still later the College of Nobles. The young student was indefatigable in acquiring a thorough education. The success of his studies obtained for him many distinguished titles. Cardinals became his friends and patrons, and he received the special benediction of the Sovereign Pontiff. Having finished his studies, he was ordained on Dec. 31, 1837, and the next day, New Year's Day, is the memorable date of his First Holy Mass.

With the elevation to the priesthood came its troubles and trials. He was appointed Delegate Apostolic to Benevento, and after a vigorous administration created Governor of Perugia. So many and so great were the abilities displayed by the young Msgr. in these posts of danger, such was his watchfulness, his penetration of mind, his decisive manner of acting, that he was deemed worthy of higher honors. Accordingly in 1843 he was chosen Archbishop and Papal Nuntio to Brussels.

Belgium was the great school of Leo XIII. Here he felt the pulsation of the entire world; here, too, he stood face to face with that monster

of modern times, liberalism; he saw the havoc that it creates in human society and he studied its remedies. He endeavored to free his subjects from this dangerous contagion, but was practically unsuccessful.

Belgium, however, was not to be the principal scene of action for Msgr. Pecci. Perugia, having lost its bishop by death, sent an embassy to Rome, petitioning the Holy See to consecrate their former Nuntio bishop of their city. "Here indeed", exclaims a writer, "the voice of the people was the voice of God." Having returned to his beloved people of Perugia, the future Pope was a father to his subjects, a protector to the poor and the orphan, a patron of learning. He erected or reconstructed churches and hospitals, asylums for the needy, and seminaries for the aspirants to the Holy Priesthood. Rome became "envious of Perugia" on account of the treasure it possessed in its Bishop. When finally in the years 1848 and 1859 anarchy sounded its note of rebellion and roused all Italy to action; when Victor Emmanuel, Garibaldi, and their accomplices began the devil's work of spoliating the Church of her States; when uproar and revolution approached the very mansion of the peaceful Bishop, demanding submission to the pretended King and the surrender of ecclesiastical territory,—then Msgr. Pecci protested against the unjust usurpation, defended by force the province entrusted to his care, and only after the rebels' arms had made submission a necessity, would he yield to the state of things.

Let us now enter the Eternal City, immortal

Rome, where Cardinal Pecci has already preceded us. Pope Pius IX. is dead. The whole Catholic world is mourning his loss. Let us enter the Sistine Chapel. There we behold an old, venerable priest seated on a throne, robed in white, the tiara, that crown of the Papacy, is resting on his brow. It is Leo XIII. He erects his feeble body, his deep, dark eyes are beaming with love and kindness; he raises his hand of benediction, and he blesses the entire world. And as Catholics gaze upon that decrepit form, their grief is changed into joy. *Habemus Pontificem!* are the thrilling words of jubilation that are ringing in every clime and country. Ah! indeed, the world did receive a Pope, one, the number and greatness of whose workings have perhaps never been excelled by another; workings in the field of politics, workings in science and literature, workings in philosophy and theology. Volumes have been filled to record his deeds, and it would require hours to enumerate them all. But let us only glance at one of the most prominent acts of Leo XIII.

His bitterest and strongest enemy was Prince Bismark, the "Colossus of Prussia", as a recent writer aptly styles him. In the day of his pride this man believed himself capable of exterminating the sway of the Holy See in Germany. Influenced by its 'Iron Chancellor', the government arrogated to itself the right of regulating ecclesiastical affairs, such as the appointment of bishops and priests, the education of children, and especially the education of the clergy. Religious orders were expelled; bishops and priests imprisoned or

sent into exile. Dr. Lieber, Windthorst and other great men composing the center-party at this time, defended the rights of their Catholic fellow-citizens, but they were overruled by Bismark and Falk. Pope Leo's solicitations for peace, too, were ineffectual, when in May 1878 an attempt was made upon the Emperor's life. All Germany was horrified. William I. himself trembled, he abated his rigor towards Catholics, and began to preach religion. Bismarck denounced the socialists who retaliated by a second attempt of assassinating the Emperor. At this crisis Pope Leo seized the occasion and published his famous Encyclical on Socialism. Although the writings of the Holy Father did not bring about an immediate restoration of peace, it was its ultimate cause. William I. was deeply touched; he saw that to persecute the Catholic Church was to destroy his own authority, to undermine his own throne. He understood that Church and State must work in communion for the welfare of human society; that "when the Father of this great family strikes its Mother, it becomes hard even for the best son to retain filial respect". To this day German Catholics are attached with childlike devotion and gratitude to Leo XIII., whom they honor as their deliverer from the thralldom of persecution.

The pacification of Germany is but one of the many blessings that Pope Leo has conferred on the world as Father of Nations. Every people, America too, owes him a debt of gratitude. But time will not permit me to enter upon these subjects.

Leo XIII. commenced his pontificate under auspices the most unfavorable, under circumstances actually disheartening. But now he has gained the friendship of nearly the entire world. He is hailed the genius of his age. Princes that were burning with hatred against the Holy See, now bow before its throne and defend its cause. What means has Leo XIII. employed for effecting this reconciliation? Has he employed flattery? Has he not rather laid bare the faults of the world? Has he not denounced its spirit, and do not his teachings curb its passions? Has he not told princes that the Church is the Teacher of mankind, and that they, too, must obey her commands?

He has; but even the world could not resist the gentle call of Pope Leo XIII., whose words were only too true. Only falsehood herself could have hardened the heart, and only her very personifications have refused to become reconciled with the Holy See. Socialists and Freemasons, especially the Freemasons of France and Italy, still retain their old hatred against Rome. And what are Freemasons but the servants of the 'Father of Lies'? They are men who have worked in France for more than a century to exterminate the faith of this most Catholic of all peoples; men who have carried the image of Lucifer through the streets of the Italian cities, have composed hymns in his honor, and have actually deified the Prince of Darkness; men who have avowed openly that they hate the Cross and Him who hung upon it, and that they will not rest until His Church will be destroyed. But as Christ has conquered Satan,

so will His representatives conquer the representatives of Satan. Storms may rage, and the waves may batter against the rock of the Church, but they cannot wash it away. It will last forever, and with it will last the glory of the Papacy, and the glory of our reigning Sovereign Pontiff, our Holy Father—Pope Leo XIII.

 SPRING.

With flowers crowned,
 With sing and shout
 At last fair Spring has come.

The rippling rills,
 The merry birds,
 Make gay man's waking home.

Sweet flowers greet,
 And hearts beat fast,
 Wherever we may roam.

We haste away into the fields,
 Lift to the azure dome
 Our eyes, to God who plants the rose
 And makes the ocean foam.

N. F.

 THE SAILOR-BOY'S ADIEU.

"Farewell! dear mother, a last adieu!"

One kiss yet given, one clasp of the hand.

The boat is cutting the billows through,

"Farewell! dear mother, a last adieu!"

The voyage done I'll return to you."

The boat is sailing now fast from the strand,

"Farewell! dear mother, a last adieu!"

He's waving his kerchief—she waving her hand.

X. J.

OUR COUNTRY.*

IT is characteristic of all nations to vaunt their glories, victories, and accomplishments. National pride is found everywhere, and well it is that this boon does exist in the breasts of mankind, for this quality is the spark that establishes great nations and prevents a retrograde movement in their progress. It is the very life's blood of political institutions. It has been the inspiration for some of the greatest works in the literature of all languages. It has been the basis of some of the noblest and most heroic actions that are recorded on the pages of history. It has been the underlying principle of some of the greatest masterpieces in art and sculpture. Had it not been for national pride, the world would never have enjoyed the pleasure of reading the truest and most sublime form of poetry, the epic. It is the surest pledge of the perpetuity of any form of government, and tends to the formation of good citizenship, and ensures above everything else the happiness and domestic tranquillity of the citizens. Whatever is productive of good should be emulated. Hence the desirability of the cultivation of a spirit of pride in the affairs of the government whose gracious protection, wise and just enactments, we so often have an occasion to stand in need of. It will help us to lay aside those baser motives of self, and in their stead will grow the bond of good feeling and interest in our neighbor's welfare. Our

* Oration delivered by E. A. Wills, in College Auditorium, St. Joseph's Day, March 19, 1903.

every day experience teaches us that a good citizen is a good Christian, and *vice versa*, for both interests are of necessity mutual and dependent one upon the other. "There is no power except from God," and it follows that it is our duty to do what lies in our power to promote obedience to law and thus lay the foundation for one of the prime essentials of greatness in a civil government. Our duty is plain on this point and cannot be avoided if we wish to be good citizens.

It is not my intention to dwell upon the faults and short-comings that now and then find their way into our government. This cannot be otherwise. Injustice and error are so prevalent in this world that they are only natural consequences of man's frailty. No human institution is free from these unwelcome calamities..

I tell you nothing new when I say that it does not take a genius to find fault or to pick flaws in anything. You know this from your own observation. Persons that acquire this odious habit of fault-finding are never satisfied. They feel a hatred for everybody and everything. They cannot even let the dumb brutes go their way without cruelly treating them. They become pessimists of the worst type. The same is true with regard to persons continually criticizing the acts and provisions of the government under which they live. Persons of such stamp of character are of little use to themselves, and of no use at all to the community in which they live. They tear down what is faulty in a nation, but they do nothing to replace what has been taken away.

But it is my intention to have you reflect upon the fact that other nations have by far more evils and wrongs in their governmental affairs than has the United States, and hence the condition of others should serve to make us consider well before we give ourselves to fault-finding in a government which, even with its faults, is the superior of any other form of human authority with which a people was ever blessed.

It is far beyond the scope of this address to dwell on all the glories and accomplishments of this great Republic. I will confine myself to the enumeration of a few of the principal points upon which the greatness of the United States is based.

This great government recognizes no such thing as born or hereditary greatness or superiority. It must be proven, and hence it is but natural that only great men can administer the affairs of our country. Nature smiles upon some in a particular manner, and those she would have leaders in the world, she endows with unmistakable signs of predilection. It is one of the greatest follies to think that ability, natural embellishments, and distinction must pass from father to son, or from relative to family kin, and hence the extraordinary manner in which we, the people of a great nation, are blessed by not having such an evil to contend with. History fully substantiates this statement. After the reign of a great king or emperor, he was succeeded on the throne by his son or near relative, who proved to be a very weak ruler, and during his reign the nation made such a retrograde movement that it could not even

under succeeding wise and prudent rulers recover from the low state of affairs to which the country had been plunged through the weaknesses and follies of one who never had the qualifications for ruling, but reached such a position of dignity, not through his own merit or executive qualifications, but because he happened to be the son, relative, or member of the royal family.

My friends, I think that the folly and unreasonableness of the above procedure is clearly manifest to you, and that whenever you think of this condition in other countries, you say to yourself, thank God, I am a citizen of these great United States, where such an evil does not exist, and where, all other things being equal, a man can rise from poverty and obscurity to the highest official positions in this free government. Judge Horace P. Biddle, an eminent jurist of this state, and one whose voluminous writings on various subjects of interest teem with sound philosophy, used to say: "I confess to a prejudice against the king, queen, earl, duke, or what not, that claims a right, a power, or merit, by heredity. It is not better than casting dice for justice."

No nation offers a broader field for the display of talents or ability. No nation is more appreciative of the works of genius than our glorious, 'land of the free and the home of the brave'. No nation holds out to the young man of lofty aspirations such encouragement for a bright future as the United States. No nation is more appreciative of glorious deeds done for her honor and protection. As proof of this assertion, let us but call to mind

the many pensions granted to those who have risked their lives in defence of their country, and also the many monuments and statues erected in honor of illustrious foreigners who nobly came to our aid in time of need.

No matter how humble a man's origin may be or how unpromising his youth, by labor and unswerving allegiance to right principles there is a greater possibility for him to rise to eminence and distinction in this country than in any other nation in the world. Indeed, nothing stands in his way that can hinder him from becoming the foremost personage of the nation. Who will deny this fact when he considers the remarkable career of Abraham Lincoln, whose memory we hold in greater esteem as years come and go? Who would ever have looked upon that rail-splitter as the future President of the United States, and one, too, that guided this government safely through the most threatening and ominous war the world ever beheld? And cannot the same be said of the majority of our great men? Did they not reach the summit through their own efforts, and not by chance? Some will say that it was opportunity that made these men famous, but without stopping to discuss the truth or fallacy of this assertion, there is reason to believe that opportunity visits the habitation of every man in some form or other, but only the discerning person will have the penetration of mind to grasp the chance of advancing in the world. History bears out this truth. Where some have failed and considered an opportunity as in reality no chance for gain, others have had

great success. This life is so full of competition that only those keen of insight and quick of perception can expect to obtain the palm of victory or celebrity.

As much as the people of this country love peace and desire prosperity, as great lovers as they are of domestic ties and social comforts, they are ever ready to sacrifice all of these for a higher motive—the welfare of their country. It seems that on such occasions they rise above their natural strength and perseverance, and perform deeds of extraordinary valor. Washington, the prime sharer in the hardships and glories of this great Republic, testifies to this fact when he says, “The unparalleled perseverance of the armies of the United States under every suffering and discouragement was little short of a miracle.”

The United States leads the world in the number, magnitude, and variety of her industries. As a consequence of the inventive genius of the skillful American, our factories and manufacturing plants make nearly every article that the necessity or comfort of man requires. The products of American skill and labor go into every clime. Most of these establishments are running in full blast the year round, yielding a great profit, which tends to make the American people the most thrifty and prosperous in the world to-day. Our business methods are so practical and our industrial concerns so large that no other country can compete successfully with the United States for the trade of the world. Rulers of other nations recognize our excellence along business and industrial

lines, and not infrequently have they sent representatives to this country to study our methods of commercial enterprise.

The United States may be truly said to be the personification of progress. Who can consider the humble beginning of this Republic, the various trials and blows dealt to it whilst on its progressive course without saying that our development is unparalleled in the world's history? We hear a great deal about the greatness and magnificence of Rome, but did you ever stop to think that it took centuries for Rome to reach a commanding influence in the world's affairs? The United States to-day excels every other country on the globe in the prosperity, contentment, and general enlightenment of her people. And this she has accomplished within the short space of a century and a quarter.

In conclusion I would say, let us never contemplate the glories of this Republic without considering the many hardships and privations endured by our forerunners, that we might enjoy to the full limit all that the wise provisions of the constitution ensure us. We are blessed as no other nation has ever been before, and for this we owe a debt of gratitude to Providence who directs the destinies of nations. We are essentially a people of democratic ideas and practices, and here is where the strength and popularity of our government lies. The founders and first citizens of this Republic always insisted that only the best men be invested with the rights and powers of the people, and hence the wise administration of pub-

lic affairs which our ancestors enjoyed. There have been and still are in this country some of the greatest, most disinterested and far-sighted statesmen of modern times. Our fate is in our own hands. By an intelligent exercise of our rights of suffrage we can eliminate any existing evil in our government. Let not this government of ours be permitted through our folly and prejudice to go backward. Let her glory be our glory, and her interests our interests. Let us pledge all we have for her honor and defence. Let the virtue of public spirit shine forth in us, and let us not depart from the high-minded principles of the early statesmen of this nation. Then we can look forward with an assured and sober confidence to the time when the words of the great Douglas will be verified: "You cannot fix bounds to the onward march of this great and growing Country. You cannot fetter the limbs of the young giant. He will burst all your chains. He will expand and grow and increase and extend civilization, Christianity, and principles of freedom."

WORK FOR US ALL.

There's work for us all
In the vineyard of the Lord ;
O child, heed the call !
Though small you are, 'tis true;
Great things you too, can do:
With a kind and gentle word
You conquer all
The hearts, pierced by affliction's sword.

WHITEY'S PROOF.

"Will the Governor be in to-night, Harry?"

"Yes. Don't fail to come over."

Charley Alter, the first speaker, was universally known as "Whitey", not because he was ever known to show the white flag in any encounter, but because the natural tinge of his hair inclined more to that color. Now Whitey had seen a few more than twenty summers, and he was a man in every particular, at least he thought so. He recently moved to New York from the far West, and soon found employment in one of the large factories.

J. D. Carroll was an old engineer of consummate prudence. He had crossed the half century line in years, but was hale and hearty, and feared no danger. His daring spirit was the occasion of much anxiety to his good wife, who was far more solicitous for his welfare than he himself. She was his faithful guide and, indeed, he listened to her advice with respect and always followed it. He possessed a wide acquaintance, was popular in every circle, and was always called the jolly "Governor." The Governor's family consisted of just three, and their son Harry, like every 'only son,' was their idol. But thanks to his good mother, who knew how to mingle severity with kindness, he was fast developing a manly character.

Wherever the Governor went, he was called upon for a story, and was always the centre of an interested group of listeners. For years past he was the undisputed king of story-tellers in that

section of the great city in which he lived, and when off duty he spent his evenings in entertaining his own family and many of the neighbors.

But since the advent of Whitey from the West the Governor perceived the gradual diminution of his task, and his supply was less frequently drawn upon, for Whitey had a goodly vocabulary and a free imagination. He often related his own experiences in the West, of which he was generally the hero. Most of the neighbors manifested deep interest in Whitey and considered a man of such bravery a valuable acquisition to their neighborhood.

On this particular evening Whitey called early, and five of the men were seated in the Governor's library. Many thrilling tales had been told, and the second round of cigars was burning low, when one of the company, deeply impressed by Whitey's daring exploits, proposed a hunting tour in the West.

"You can get off any time, can't you, 'Gov'? and I think the rest of us can arrange to take our vacations now. A month or two out there on the prairies will do us good. And won't we have some 'rousers' to tell the New Yorkers when we return."

"I had been contemplating a similar outing," rejoined the Governor, "and can make arrangements immediately. But boys," he continued, "you'll find it quite a rough life, and without a competent guide, success will be doubtful." Immediately two or three voices called out, "Whitey, Whitey, of course, he will be perfectly at home;

out there." Whitey was chosen by acclamation as captain of the hunters. He modestly accepted the honor and chuckled at his growing reputation. "Suppose we require a proof of our captain's bravery?" said the Governor with a laconic smile. At this remark a peculiar expression shot across Whitey's blushing countenance as he endeavored to reply. But the Governor quickly perceived his predicament and turned the drift of conversation in his joking way, and the company dispersed with a good laugh at their captain's expense. But Whitey did not altogether enjoy this huge joke and he lay awake many hours that night planning a little scheme to preserve and perhaps increase his fame. "I think you will soon have your proof, Governor," he said at last with a chuckle. The next day Whitey performed his work with unusual vigor, and throughout the day betrayed a sort of jolly anxiety that made a near companion in the factory inquire for its cause. When the shrill whistle announced the end of the day's toil, all tools were dropped and hats and coats seized, and Whitey was soon relating his story to an interested listener.

"Now remember," he said to his companion, "you have an important role in this little play. You see, the Governor is at home only every other night, and tonight he will be on duty. Come up about eleven, rattle the south window about the middle of his house, and, of course, when I hear Harry's or Mrs. Carroll's cries for help, I will fly to the rescue in a moment. When 'Gov.' hears that, he will readily see the good old western

pluck in me. And I will arrange affairs with you to morrow. See, it will work like a charm."

"But say, Whitey, ain't they any 'cops' around there? And supposin the kid or Mrs. Carroll would take a notion to send some cold lead after me."

"Don't fear, the policeman does not arrive in that vicinity until about midnight. And I am positive that the Governor keeps no weapons in the house. Come, come, show your nerve."

"Oh! I ain't scared. I'll be there. — Say, you're sure the old gent will be out to-night?"

"Yes, he was in last night, I was there myself."

"All right, I'll be on hand at eleven prompt," and then they parted.

Whitey boarded next door to the Governor's, and his room was on the second floor, not more than five feet across from Harry Carroll's. This night Whitey sat up later than usual. An open book lay on the table before him, but his thoughts could not be concentrated upon such commonplace things. He felt like Alexander on the eve of the battle of Arbela and was exulting in his coming triumph, when suddenly a rap, as if with a pole, shook every pane in a window behind him. Some one outside called his name in a low, excited tone. He ran to the window and as soon as it was raised the light fell upon Harry Carroll's pale face. He was leaning out of his window and said in a low voice, "Quick! quick! Whitey, come over, a burglar! a burglar!"

"Really!" said Whitey, feigning great interest as he clapped down the window. "This reminds

me of regular cow-boy life," he mused as he seized his revolver and hastened down stairs. "Ah! Governor, your own wife and son will announce my daring bravery, and soon it will be my turn to laugh." As he passed out of the house a light burned low in the room, and he glanced at the clock. "Why, it's only ten. I told him eleven. He surely came early enough. He might have spoiled the plan. I am glad I remained at home to-night." He had now reached the Governor's yard and immediately started for the south window, but Harry met him near the door and excitedly motioned to him to come in. "Where is he? I'll fix him," said Whitey, drawing the large and ugly looking weapon. But Harry only whispered, "Keep quiet, or he will surely hear you. He is right up in the bath-room. I fear for mother, although she is locked in her room." "He is not in the house! You must be mistaken," gasped Whitey suddenly, assuming a new interest. "Mother and I both distinctly heard him prowl about the house and finally go into that room."

Things began to assume a new aspect to Whitey. "Could the young fool have ventured into the house, or is this a real desperado who will perhaps shoot me down like a dog." Whitey shuddered at the thought. He summoned all his courage and with Harry forced himself up the long stairs. Suddenly he remembered that his companion had promised faithfully to arrive at eleven, and it was then only about ten. "No, he could not so misjudge the time. I'm in it now." They crept slowly and cautiously along a corridor,

and at the end Harry pointed out the room. They stood about ten feet from the door. Suddenly they heard a low, sonorous but indistinct cough within. Whitey was now convinced that the villain must be large and powerful, and he was pondering nervously over their next action, when Harry shouted boldly, "Whoever you are, come out of that room." At that instant Whitey in desperation fired, then turned and ran, for the door slowly opened, and out stepped the Governor just in time to see Whitey "fly" around the corner to the stairs.

By special orders his train was called back to the city, he explained. Mrs. Carroll and Harry soon recovered from their fright. The intended western tour was abandoned, and Whitey was never again seen in that section of New York.

PAUL A. WELSH, '04.

THE VIOLET.

With fragrance choice and beauties wondrous fair
This tiny flower we welcome back with praise;
Again we hear its humble voice upraised,
Extolling Him, who gives it light and air,
And teaching all their burdens thus to bear,
With resignation to the will of God;
For so this humble flower its Maker lauds,
And never ending is its hymn of praise.

"Sweet flower of love, as bathed in heav'nly dew,
Reveal to us the secrets that you hold;
Disclose thy beauties purer far than gold,
That humble we may be like unto you."
So calm and sweet the answer came to me,
"Do good to others as I have done to thee."

W. T. FLAHERTY, '04.

SHAKESPEARE'S WOLSEY.

IN his dramas Shakespeare displays a genius both impassioned and unrestrained, which does not fail to concentrate on his works the interest of the reader or hearer. In his historical plays, however, the great bard does not always employ the truth and fidelity to facts which is so essential and which this species of drama demands. In none is this defect more apparent than in his last historical work—Henry VIII.

To satisfy the whims of the reigning queen, Shakespeare has exaggerated and misplaced several facts which have, instead of increasing the beauty, greatly detracted from the strength and originality of the drama. In character delineations alone do we find any redeeming features, and especially one character has the prince of dramatists drawn faithfully and with precision,—that of Cardinal Wolsey.

The character of this great man has been criticised and condemned by many writers, but try as they may, they can never diminish the fame and glory that Cardinal Wolsey acquired as a statesman and politician. His name we involuntarily link with that of Richelieu, the powerful protector of Louis XIII's throne. But unlike Richelieu, the English Cardinal was a type of the self-made man. He was born of humble parentage, yet by his own power he rose to the highest position in the English realm,—that of Lord High Chancellor.

The vicissitudes which he experienced in his quest for fame are many and varied, till we find

him at the opening of the drama in the height of his glory and renown. He was Henry's confidential adviser in all state affairs, and so great was the confidence which the king placed in him that, harassed by doubts concerning his royal marriage, he exclaims:

"O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king."

A cure to which, alas! Henry did not have recourse when he needed it most.

In the first act a veil of obscurity rests over Cardinal Wolsey. Beyond the accomplishment of his conspiracy against his bitter enemy, Buckingham, whom he subsequently caused to be executed, we learn little or nothing of that great character on which rests the entire drama.

In the second act we find Wolsey in the midst of an undertaking which reflects anything but credit upon a prince of the Church—the annulment of the marriage bonds of King Henry and Queen Catherine. The queenly consort had long been a thorn in the side of the ambitious Cardinal, and he sought by every means to remove her from the English throne. To do this he petitioned Rome to annul the royal marriage on the plea of an existing impediment. Should his efforts have been successful, it was his intention then to betroth Henry to the Duchess of Alencon, the French king's sister, thus securing for himself the archbishopric of Toledo and friendship of Francis I.

He regarded with indifference the growing intimacy between the king and Anne Bullen, deem-

ing it, no doubt, but a passing fancy of his Majesty. When he sees at last the possible defeat of his plans by this latter union, he angrily exclaims:

“It shall be to the Duchess of Alencon,
The French king’s sister: he shall marry her.
Anne Bullen! No, I’ll no Anne Bullens for him.”

Rather Catherine herself on the throne than her waiting maid, Anne Bullen.

Being now thoroughly alarmed, Wolsey sought by every available means to check the divorce proceedings, but it was too late. The fire had been kindled and could not be extinguished.

What further added to his anxiety and inquietude, was the rapid rise and growth of heresy in Germany. He feared its introduction into England, so he watched with jealous eye the rise of Cranmer in Henry’s friendship, as we can glean from the following utterance:

“Again there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch-one, Cranmer; one
Who hath crawled into the favor of the king,
And is his oracle.”

From this we can also surmise the shrewdness and cunning with which Wolsey watched the affairs of the State, and particularly the favorites of the king.

But the great Cardinal’s star was in its zenith, already it begins to grow dim. The finding of an inventory of his wealth together with some political correspondence sounds his death-knell. He was instantly deposed from office and arrested on the charge of high-treason. Then it was that Wolsey realizes the stakes for which he played, and as he ponders over his defeat, he soliloquizes:

"Nay, then farewell !

I have touched the highest point of all my greatness.
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man shall know me more."

Humbled and repentant we behold the mighty statesman, whose arm but a moment before virtually ruled England, terrified at his past wickedness and misdeeds. From his tortured soul is wrung forth the awful cry:

"O Cromwell, Cromwell

Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies."

Truly, Wolsey has met his punishment.. He endures untold torments and tortures in the pangs of his hardened conscience. He sought fame and found it to be naught but a bauble, a delusion, a dream from which he was so rudely awakened.

In the life of Wolsey we find the fruits of a boundless ambition, and a wholesome advice he gives us when he charges his faithful servant:

"Fling away ambition;

By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?"

Too well does Wolsey know the truth of this, for deeply has he drunk of the cup and quickly has he felt its effects.

His last moments strikingly show the true character of the unfortunate Cardinal. Had Wolsey been as ardent a churchman as a politician, the world would have been minus a great statesman, but the Church richer in a fervent and devoted follower.

Repentant, humiliated and bowed down beneath the weight of his years, this tottering and decrepit old man, who but a short time before was a power in the political world, now retires to a monastery and begs of the abbot "a little earth for charity." Full of pity and sympathy we must exclaim with Catherine: "So may he rest, his faults lie gently on him!"

W. T. FLAHERTY, '94.

NOBLE ACTIONS.

If ever aught you deem full worth thy care,
Then give each part of thee its proper share:
And thus each trifling vein employ'd of thee,
Not only will your single actions be
Most perfect, but your mind you'll manly strengthen'd
see.

How soft upon the heart, O God, doth fall
Thy tender touch that sweetens ev'ry gall!
The dews not gentler fall on earth below,
Nor softer, golden lines of sunset glow
On dark and heaving waves, or silent brooks that flow.

Now when the gates of Heaven open wide,
And when the hinges ring, the clouds divide,
When comes so gently down the liquid sky,
The grace of God, the dearest gift on high,
Then turn thy thoughts from earth and list to Heav'n
so nigh!

If prayer, the soul's contentment, seek thy heart,
Then through its soothing harp thy grief impart.
Bid pressing cares with river Time to flow,
And let them not engage thy soul below;
Enkindle bright that spark that made thy heart to glow.

Of all the virtues circ'ling all the world around,
The best is rev'rence to the God profound ;
For what are riches, joys, beneath the sun,
And what are pleasures in our pathway flung,
But fleeting shadows ever ending e'er begun.

M. C. Bodine, '05.

WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN.

IN the early part of the nineteenth century no one in the United States imagined that within a few years the entire country would be raised to the highest pitch of excitement by a civil war; yet the disastrous seeds of such a catastrophe were then being scattered. The pernicious slave trade was widening the gulf which separated the North from the South, and the young roots of Secession were sprouting and only wanted the warm rain of spring to cause them to burst forth into full bloom.

But when this terrible calamity fell upon the entire country, the North had the good fortune of possessing men who were equal to the occasion; men who were destined by Divine Providence to be the means of preserving the union of our grand and noble states. Many are these men whose names deck the pages of the history of the time; but one of the most brilliant is that of William Tecumseh Sherman. It was ordained by the Almighty that his name should shine, like the polar star in the northern constellation, on the pages of United States history, and he himself to play one of the most conspicuous roles in that awful drama

—the Civil War. His name is linked with that of Washington, Grant, and other renowned generals, and generations to come will mention him with the highest respect and honor. Sherman was born at Lancaster, Ohio, February 8, 1820. He was only nine years old when he was left fatherless, and being one of a large family, was adopted into the home of Hon. Thomas Ewing.

At the age of sixteen he was appointed to a cadetship in West Point Military Academy, from which institution he graduated with high honors four years later. From that time forward he held many military positions with great credit to himself, first fighting the Seminole Indians in Florida, then serving at many different posts in the South. During this time he acquainted himself with the topography of the country, which was to be of exceedingly great value to him in the future. In the year 1846 he was connected with the recruiting stations in New York, Pittsburg, and Zanesville.

When the eruption with Mexico occurred in the same year, he was assigned to duty in California. He was permitted to return East when peace had been established, and the following three years he served in St. Louis and New Orleans. He then resigned his commission from the army and retired to the rank of private citizen. He took up his residence in California, and after following a business life of six years in the Golden State, returned to Kansas. A short time afterwards he was appointed head of the Louisiana Seminary of Learning and Military Academy. This position he occupied until the out-break of the Civil War.

His first appointment in this struggle was to the rank of colonel, and after the first battle of Bull Run he was made brigadier-general of volunteers.

The greatest simplicity and candidness are two prominent features of Sherman's character. During the many years in which he served his country he had the welfare of the Nation at heart, and the greatest disinterestedness characterized all his actions. He possessed a true military genius in the highest degree, and all the other essential qualities of a good general were united in him; such as courage, determination, coolness, sound judgment together with that knack of winning the confidence of both officers and privates, and exciting them to a marvelous degree of enthusiasm.

He was a rigid disciplinarian, and to this he may attribute the paramount of his success. The old adage has it that "Order is Heaven's first law," and without it no success can be accomplished in any enterprise, and especially so in a military undertaking.

It was in the battle of Shiloh that Sherman's military genius displayed itself. In the most trying situations he was ever cool and confident of victory. Although he had under him a body of raw recruits who had never been under fire before, he not only held his position, but won the victory for Grant. He animated his men both by word and example, evincing the greatest courage and coolness, and always appearing in the thickest of the fight. He so conducted his maneuvers as to gain the entire confidence of his men, and they

were not even heard to murmur when terrible volleys of the deadly missiles were poured in upon them.

A brotherly love and confidence existed between Sherman and Grant, and as the latter was advancing step by step to the highest military command of the Nation, Sherman followed but one step in the rear. Grant himself wrote the following to the War Department at Washington after the battle of Shiloh; "I am indebted to General Sherman for the success of the battle."

Sherman is the most conspicuous figure next to Grant in those two most dazzling exploits of the entire war,—the storming of Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain.

In February of 1864 Sherman with twenty-five thousand men at his command conducted an extensive campaign across the state of Mississippi. It was only a prelude to his grand march which he was to accomplish in the same year. The 6th of May, 1864 found him beginning his formidable advance upon Atlanta. Sherman, like Alexander the Great of old setting out to conquer the Persians, took no supplies with him, but depended entirely upon the resources of the country. This enterprise is one of the most conspicuous exploits in both ancient and modern history. It took a hundred days to reach Atlanta, and battles were a part of the daily routine. No known code of orders can be compared to that issued by Sherman for this march. They are astonishing for their brevity and conciseness, and provided for every possible accident. His famous "March to the Sea" was only a continu-

ation of his advance upon Atlanta.

When Lee surrendered to Grant it was from dire necessity, since he had no means of escape. Grant's army blockaded his advance and Sherman occupied his rear. Thus the glory of bringing the war to a successful close must be divided between Grant and Sherman. Although Grant has received greater honors than Sherman, we cannot infer from this that he was the greater general. We may rest assured that had Sherman held the first rank instead of Grant, he would be resting on as high a pinnacle of fame as his contemporary.

When Grant obtained the Presidency, his sincere affection for his brother officer did not abate in the least, and he appointed Sherman general of all the U. S. forces. This position Sherman not only filled in name but also in deed. He is said to have visited every military post in the country save two, and to have watched over the armies of the Republic with a most vigilant assiduity. He was held to be the most conversant person living with the topography, geography, and resources of the entire country.

This illustrious man spent the greater part of half a century in the direct service of his country, and after fulfilling his duty to his God, to his country, and his fellow-men during these years, he was called to his eternal reward on the 14th of February, 1891.

An imposing military funeral service was held at New York, after which his remains, accompanied by a guard of honor, were conveyed to St. Louis. Here a large procession was formed and

Rev. Thomas E. Sherman performed the last sad rites over the flag-decked casket of his father.

His last resting place is marked by a beautiful monument, but the only inscription thereon is his name, date of his birth and death, and the epitaph: "True and Honest".

Thus ended the earthly career of one of the greatest men that the United States ever produced. A man loved and revered by those subject to him, and respected and honored in the highest degree by those to whom he was subject. The South herself holds him in the highest esteem. Though during that terrible strife which threatened to destroy forever the government of 'the land of the free and home of the brave' he was her most formidable foe, yet when Peace again spread her sheltering wings over the entire country, he was her truest benefactor. ALBERT A. MCGILL, '04.

THE VIOLET.

Modest violet blue,
Fragrant odors thy bed betray;
Studded with diamond dew,
Modest violet blue,
Daughter of Spring, sweet bride of Day;
Modest violet blue,
True friends are noticed from far away.

AWAKE!

Lonely, sad are mead and hill,
Side the brook is sleeping still
Spring, the prince of joy.
Long has been the wintry night.
Come and make all nature bright,
Spring, thou prince of joy!

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year.....	1.00
Single copies.....	.10

☞ It is not the object of this paper to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary college journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students in the interest of the students and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the Collegian.

Entered at the Collegeville Post office as second class matter.

THE STAFF.

EDMUND A. WILLS, '03, EDITOR.

ALEXIUS A. SCHUETTE, '03, EXCHANGE EDITOR.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

CHAS. A. VANFLANDERN, '03. XAVIER J. JAEGER, '03.

REMIGIUS H. MONNIN, '03. EGON J. FLAIG, '03.

ALBERT A. MCGILL, '04. WILLIAM T. FLAHERTY, '04.

JOSEPH A. BRAUN, '04. PAUL A. WELSH, '04.

IGNATIUS A. WAGNER, '04. FELIX F. DIDIER, '04.

EDITORIALS.

Holy Week, the time of the most impressive and significant exercises in the Catholic Church, is approaching. We should all enter into the spirit of these days, for only then will we be prepared to appreciate the great work of our redemption and rejoice with our Risen Lord on Easter Sunday.

The joyous days of spring are with us and the students are correspondingly happy. The campus is now the scene of activity, and every day numbers of base ball enthusiasts are out preparing to do clever feats on the diamond. The tedium and dullness during the long winter months have given way to the merry shouts of youthful glee. At this time of the year college life is doubly pleasant, and no one appreciates and enjoys the pleasures of the season more than the college student. Nature seems to smile assent to the exhilarating pastimes of the youth.

This year's celebrations of St. Patrick's and St. Joseph's Days at the College compares favorably with those of former years. The rendition of the play by the Aloysians showed that they are now making great progress under the able directorship of Rev. N. Griewe. St. Joseph's feels especially honored by Rev. F. Walser that he chose Alma Mater in preference to other places where he was welcome to celebrate his Silver Jubilee. On St. Joseph's Day the novelty of the program rendered under the auspices of the Military was the subject of much favorable comment by the inmates of the College. Both days were highly enjoyable and reflect credit upon those who so successfully conducted the presentation of the programs.

The spirit of ruffianism which has been so prevalent of late among the colleges of this country is causing no end of unfavorable comment from the press. Class rivalries seem to be the cause of these disgraceful occurrences. Such

practices are comparatively of recent origin in the United States, but have been customary for a long time in some European countries. There is certainly no excuse for such a prevailing evil. People expect, and with good reason, that young men who acquire at college cultured and well disciplined minds will settle their differences by other means than lawlessness. There may be cases when riotous demonstrations of unlettered laborers are partially excusable, but surely the same can never be said of the conduct of certain classes of students at some of our institutions of learning. It is to be sincerely hoped that such uncalled for and disgraceful exhibitions of 'hoodlumism' will be discontinued in American Colleges, for they are highly detrimental to harmony and progress in such institutions, and tend to increase the number of those who call in question the feasibility of giving our youth a college education.

Whatever may be said *pro* and *con* about the report of the Coal Strike Commission, there is one finding of the Commission that will meet the hearty approval of all fair-minded people,—the denunciation of labor unions for persecuting non-union miners. No sane person will deny the right of a man to work for and under what conditions he pleases. To persecute a laborer because he does not see fit to affiliate himself with a labor organization is a contemptible practice, and one, too, that is calculated to rob him of an intelligent use of his reason and liberty. By joining such organizations, the laborer must blindly submit to anything that the majority desires, and thus he is

often forced to accept regulations and perform actions that his own good judgment tells him are not just or desirable, and to which he would never agree, if his membership of such an organization did not require such a sacrifice of him. While the sympathy of the general public in the coal strike was mostly with the striking miners, still they lose much for their cause by their attitude towards non-union wage earners. Conservative labor leaders recognize this fact, and even John Mitchel has been uncompromising in his denunciation of the conduct of the miners on various occasions during the strike. If the miners wish to have their organization flourish and if they desire to retain the respect and confidence of the public, the only way that they can bring about these conditions is to allow every man, whether union or non-union, to earn an honest livelihood in what ever way he chooses.

Much has been said and written about the vanity of public life. But every now and then we meet with such conclusive proofs of this principle that we are indeed surprised to see so many men risking all they possess in this world for a favorable swing of the political pendulum. Truly, there must be something fascinating in politics, for if there were not, men would not enter the political arena with so much avidity. As a money making scheme politics have proved an utter failure. The aim the great majority of people have in this life is the amassing of wealth. The duties of public office holders are more exacting and demand more attention than any other business or occupation,

and hence this does not augur any too well in its favor. But it certainly could be expected that the noble, beneficent, and unselfish deeds performed by a statesman for his constituents would linger long in the memories of the beneficiaries. Would it not seem only fair and natural that the recipients of so many privileges and blessings gained for them through the sagacity and statesmanship of their representative to hold his name in undiminished glory for years after his personal campaigns and patriotic endeavors were at end! But our experience teaches us that this is often not the case. Just lately we had a case in point. The late S. P. Chase, of Ohio, who rose to various offices of importance in the state and nation, is now apparently forgotten, when only a few years ago he was one of the best known and most influential men of the country. Such is the experience of this man, and a like one was shared by many others in public life. What a distressing circumstance! Of late, however, the public has been aroused from its lethargy and steps have been taken to erect a monument over the grave of this man who did so much for the nation. This shows that there are times when a sense of propriety conquers the selfish motives of men and prompts them to a proper recognition of merit and worth. Perpetuating the names of our great men should be encouraged. It is true that extravagant hero worship is undesirable and repulsive, but a certain amount of appreciation of great deeds done for a nation is always commendable in a people.



After reviewing the exchange columns of some journals this month we must indeed exclaim: "Criticism differs!"

Criticism?—No, not the criticisms but the sayings of some exchange editors differ. "As you to me so I to you," is evidently their motto. Some have extolled the ex-column of the February COLLEGIAN. One journal, however, has indulged in slang, nay, has invented accusations to convince us that we are getting furious—and yet we are not convinced. We were only smiling a little, friend, and it would be well for you to do the same. You are already looking rather comical in your holy wrath. Remember, when people look through a red glass, things only *seem* red.

Although the size of the *Xavier* is that of our great American monthlies, we have turned leaf after leaf with riveted interest and think our time spent in reading the journal well repaid. Truly, it is the best, and we think by far the best number that it has been our pleasure to peruse during the six months that we are Ex-man. Four critical articles, two philosophical treatises, besides two

descriptive pieces, several pieces of verse, that are very rythmical, such is the excellent make-up of the number. Space will not allow us to point out the excellencies of all these compositions. "A Nautical Tale" is thoroughly quixotic, a humorous story, such as we find in the *Xavier* only. Under the peculiar title of "An Intelligent Dog", the writer refutes sensationalism in the form of dialogue. As a refutation it deserves to be commended, but the conversation is not natural. We do not think that an empiricist and sensationalist would be quite so tame, and quite so much inclined to conversion. The writer of "The First English Comedy" says:—"To the average hasty student of English Literature, Ralph Roister Doister is simply a name and nothing more. Although the title is not attractive and promising, nevertheless the play is amusing and well constructed without descending to licentiousness and buffoonery.—When we remember that it was written in the day of Henry VIII., we ought to marvel at its perfection and give assent that it is a masterly production."

We congratulate the writer of "Santa Monica Bay" in the *S. V. C. Student* for his beautiful production. It is poetry. The articles, "A Vital Question" and "Addison and Steele" could however bear improvement. They are lacking interest.

"Two Famous Women" is the title of an able parallel between George Eliot and Mrs. Browning in the *Mt. St. Mary's Record*. We do not know whether the writer considers "carelessness a mortal sin" in such matters, but the article certainly

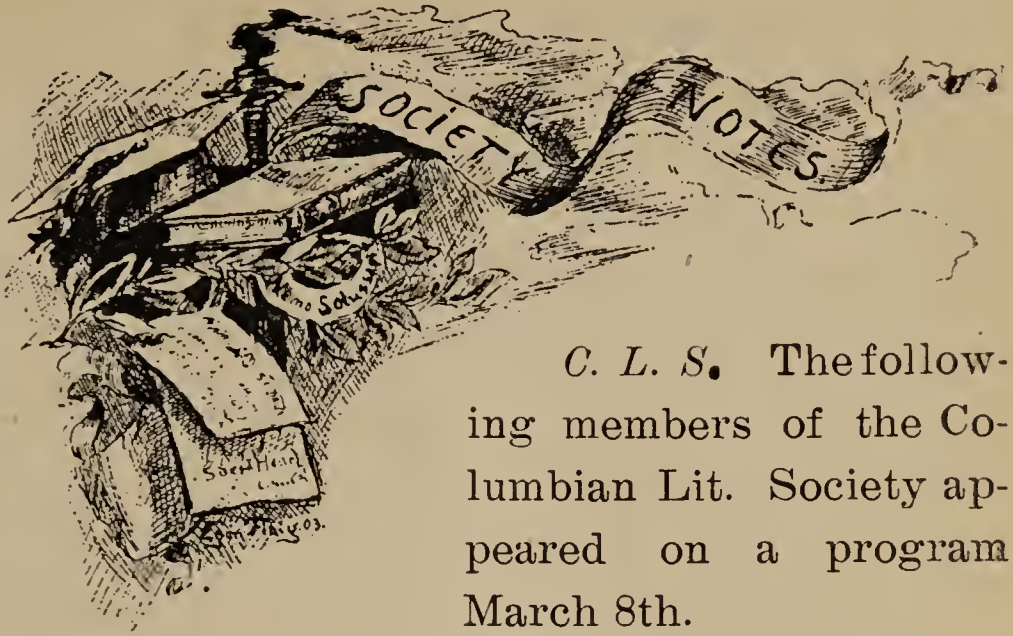
argues diligence and research. The initiatory poems are deserving the publication of the *Record*.

Nos. 24 and 25 of the *Notre Dame Scholastic* appear in the usual high standing of this paper. "Alexander Hamilton" in the former issue is an excellent oratorical composition, not merely a biography. Of the two stories, "A College Pin" seems to us especially natural. The other number mentioned above contains two pastels of rare beauty. The editorials of the *Scholastic* are always worth reading. The editor is in the high sense of the term "a man of common sense."

We were taken with the essay on "Dr. Heinrich Hansjacob" in the *St. Vincent's Journal*. The writer handles his theme in an able manner.

Strange as it may seem, the St. Mary's Institute, Dayton, O., caught the spirit of college journalism when the scholastic year is nearing its close. In March it has published the first issue, *The Exponent*. We welcome our new friend, and are much pleased with the appearance of the publication. The highly attractive and artistic cover contains reading matter not less interesting than scholarly. The whole journal is full of life and energy. The oration, "Reign of Leo XIII.," is teeming with thought and very complete in its range. Besides the very singular composition in college papers, "A Mathematical Sophism," and the story "Conrad of Lichtenwald," we wish especially to commend the poem, "The Glory of the Heavens." We wish the editors of *The Exponent* all possible success.

A. A. Schuette, '03.



C. L. S. The following members of the Columbian Lit. Society appeared on a program March 8th.

Music, Piano Solo,.....J. Lang.
 Poem, "I'll Come at Last,"....X. Jaeger.
 Debate, "Resolved: That men of letters exert more
 Influence than Men of Action." Aff. J. Steinbrun-
 ner, R. Schwieterman. Neg. C. Grube, R. Halpin.
 Music,.....Violin Quartette.
 Com. Recitation, "The Use and Abuse of Ensilage
 as a Narcotic,".....B. Alt.
 Declamation, "The Closing Year,".....A. Koenig.
 "Egyptian Debate",.....E. Lonsway, E. Cook.

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated amid much rejoicing at St. Joseph's this year. It was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the ordination of the Rev. F. Walser, a missionary of the Congregation of the Most Precious Blood. Father Walser came to celebrate his jubilee in our midst. All the inmates of St. Joseph's did their best to make the day a joyous one for Father Walser. On the morning of St. Patrick's Day, Solemn High Mass was celebrated with Rev. F. Walser as celebrant, Revs. A. Gietl, and E. Grimm, as deacon and sub-deacon respectively, and Rev. N. Griewe as master of ceremonies. The sermon of the day was delivered by Rev. F. Schalk, of Burkettsville, Ohio.

In the evening the Aloysian Literary Society entertained a large audience with a spicy program, consisting of several selections in honor of St. Patrick and the country he converted to Christianity and the drama "Francesco Carrara."

The following is the program of the evening:

Poet and Peasant,.....Franz von Suppe.

College Band.

Jubilee Poem,.....E. Howe.

St. Patrick's Day,.....J. McCarthy.

Erin's Flag,.....J. Sullivan.

Shamrock,.....J. Burke.

The Messenger March,.....A. Geibel.

Violin, Clarinet and Piano

Messrs. C. Meyers, P. Welsh and J. Notheis.

Francesco Carrara.

A Drama in Three Acts.

Galeas Visconti, Duke of Milan.....F. Gnibba.

Giovanni, his son.....R. Beck.

Francesco Carrara, Duke of Padua.....J. McCarthy.

Angelo, his son.....D. Fitzgerald.

Uberto, Governor of the castle.....C. Fisher.

Faustinus von Regensburg, astrologer to the Duke of Milan

.....E. Vurpillat.

Malatesta, Captain of the garrison.....J. O'Donnell.

Giacomo, Prison keeper.....N. Allgeier.

Between the several acts the following selections of music were rendered:—

Violin Quartette.

Act I. Gavotte.....Scotsen Clark.

C. Meyers, M. Helmig, E. Flaig and Prof. B. Dentinger.

Violin Quartette.

Act II. Lullaby.....Carl. V. Lachmund.

Act III. Medley on Irish Airs.....

Violin, Clarinet and Piano.

After Tableau. March.....Jolly Yachtsmen.

College Band.

The Aloysians certainly deserve praise for the masterly manner in which they presented their program, especially the drama. The scene of the drama is laid in Italy. The plot grows out of the contention of the two houses of Milan and Padua. The first scene opens with Francesco Carrara, a prisoner in the hands of Visconti, Duke of Milan. Malatesta resolves to release him, although at the time he is in the employ of Visconti. Faustinus, the astrologer, enters into the secret of Malatesta, and by the help of his supposed art contrives ultimately to liberate Carrara and seat him upon the throne of Padua. The drama closes with the pardon of Visconti by Carrara. The impersonation of the character of Visconti was entrusted to the President of the Aloysians, Mr. F. Gribba, and the gentleman performed his part to great advantage, spreading life into the entire presentation. Mr. Vurpillat filled the role of Faustinus, the astrologer, upon whom the greater part of the plot devolved. This gentleman spared no pains in making his cell assume the weird aspect of astrology. His long explanation of the course of the stars and his egotism in the scene with Visconti together with his disgust of his mode of life and the resolve to disengage himself from the person of Visconti, made this scene the best of the entire evening. Messrs. Beck and Fitzgerald also deserve a goodly share of praise for their clever presentation. J. McCarthy in the title role, though only appearing once in the entire play and that in the last act, did full justice to his part. Messrs. Fisher, Allgeier and O'Donnell, though

filling the more inconspicuous characters, helped much to make the play a success. The Aloysians should appear oftener in programs, as they have very good material; all that is wanting is finish, which they can acquire only in public entertainments.

St. Joseph's Day, the patron Feast of the College, was also celebrated with solemnity. At eight o'clock Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. F. Schalk, C. PP. S., assisted by Rev. J. Berg, of Remington, as deacon, Rev. F. Jansen, of Frankfort, Ind., as sub-deacon, and Rev. V. Krull, C. PP. S., as master of ceremonies.

The Rev. Father Walser in his address beautifully pointed out the manifold virtues of the great Saint, and exhorted those who had placed themselves under his special protection to imitate his works and become good Christians and heirs of Heaven.

After Mass the Military Company entertained an audience with a gymnastic program in the College Auditorium. The program was interspersed with some good selections of music by the Trio.

In the evening the Columbian Literary Society rendered a program in honor of the day, the course of which was:

Music, "Der Freischuetz,".....Weber, College Band.

Oration, "Pope Leo XIII,.....Mr. A. Schuette.

Music, Vocal Solo, "Ave Maria,".....Mr. J. Lieser.

Recitation, "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," Mr. E. Flaig.

Music, Piano Duet,.....Rev. A. Weyman and Prof. B.

Dentinger.

Oration, "Our Country,".....Mr. E. Wills.

Recitation,.....Mr. W. Flaherty.

Music, "Andante and Rondo,".....Clar. Quartette.

Afterpiece, "Foibles and Fashions,".....

Messrs. P. Welsh, J. Schmitt, J. Grobmeyer, T. Quinlan, E. Pryor, E. Barnard.

Music, "Minuet,"..Paderewski,.....College Band.

The program did full justice to the day. The orations were especially entertaining. The farce was enjoyed by all from beginning to end; it abounded in good make-up and humor, but never degenerating into boisterousness.

Both Societies are indebted to Prof. B. Dentinger for the pains he took in providing for good music.

I. A. W., '04.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Unraveling of a Tangle. By Marion Taggart. The story is written in a neat and easy style, pure and simple with no other motive save that of pleasing; this it accomplishes to a degree much above the common. The story is nicely illustrated, which adds much to the interest of the reader. The plot is laid in Paris. The heroine is Miss Amy Alden, an orphan, who lived with her grandfather in New York City. The hero is Mr. Robert Merriam also from New York City. The story tells how Miss Alden formed the acquaintance of Mr. Merriam, gives the thrilling account of her voyage and how she was dealt with by Mademoiselle Merlet, the impostor, how she was abducted by Count de Fontanges, but rescued by Mr. Merriam, and how she obtains her legacy and

returns home. The different characters are well portrayed. It shows that some people are so avaricious as not to shrink from committing vile deeds in order to gain a portion of these earthly riches, and failing in their attempts, they seek to end their lives in some tragical manner; and on the other hand how some people are so indifferent about the riches of this world and are contented in their own happiness and in the happiness of others. In short, the story is but another laurel added to the many merited by the author. Published by Benziger Bros. Price \$1.25.

C. F. D., '05.

The Playwater Plot from the pen of Mary T. Waggaman is throughout its various chapters an interesting story. Written in a simple and pleasing style, it does not fail to entertain the mind of its peruser. There are several principal characters in the production, but those mainly connected with the plot are the two scamps, Col. BurrIDGE and Danvers, the former's accomplice. With the gift of \$2000 they instigate Victor Delarne, the French servant of Mrs. Leonard, to deliver into their hands his mistress's only child Lester. The boy is secretly taken to the home of the bandits, which is situated in the gloomy forests of Pinecroft. Owing to the fact that a wilful murder had been committed in these woods, the folks in the neighborhood consider the place to be haunted. In order to find means to protect themselves from the ghosts, some of the colored members of Father Felix's congregation begin to indulge in the art

of magic, a forbidden custom of their race. This induces the good priest to set out with his people to investigate the matter and to bless the Pinecroft woods. It is on this occasion that the boy Lester is rescued and the plotters detected. The youthful characters of Dick, Ted, and Pat, are likewise beautifully described, whilst the humorous dialects of Seth and Old Nance add very much to the beauty of the work. We therefore highly recommend the story to all Christian parents, and consider it well worth the price asked.

Benziger Bros. Price 60 cts. F. W., '05.

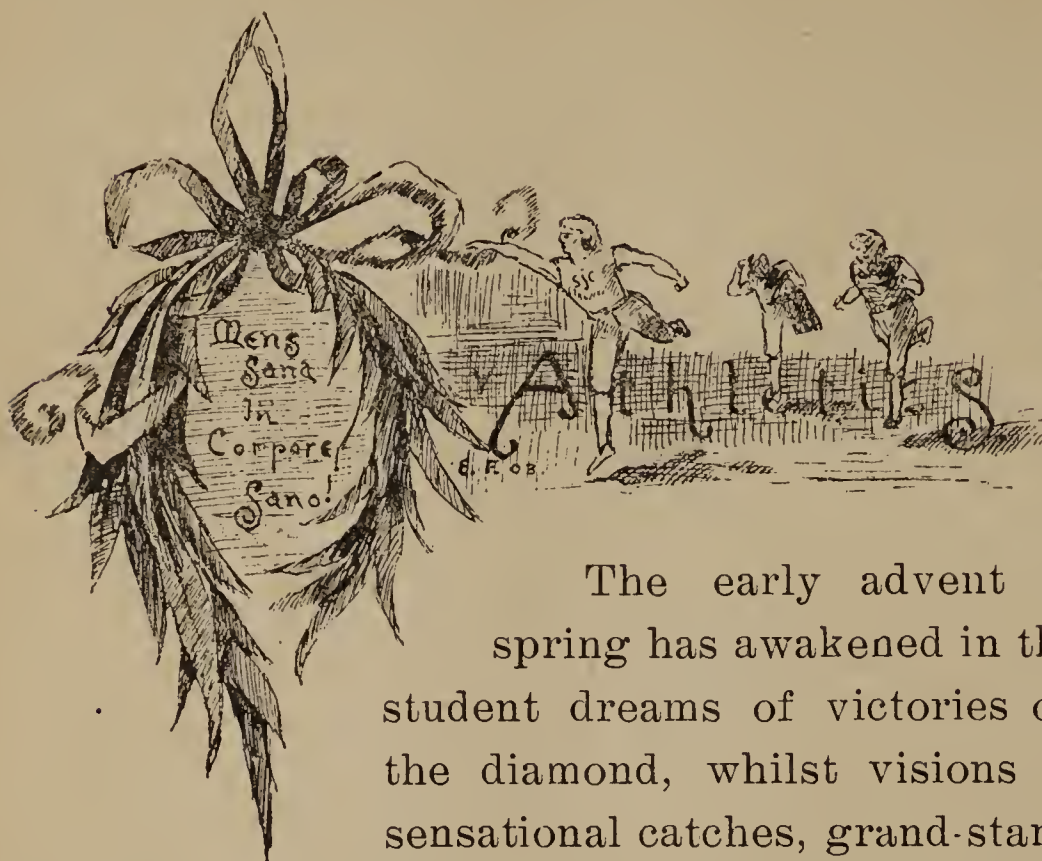
The Sacred Heart Book. This book of devotions to the Sacred Heart, written by Rev. F. H. Lasance, is neatly bound and the various chapters are nicely arranged. It contains many beautiful devotions to the Sacred Heart, and its purpose is to assist the Apostleship of Prayer by increasing the number of those who have a special devotion to the Sacred Heart. As the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus is one of the most efficacious means of prayer and one, too, that inspires us with zeal for His glory, this book should find a hearty welcome among those desirous of acquiring true piety. Benziger Bros., Price 75 cents.

PERSONALS.

During the past month the following have been welcome visitors at the College:

Rev. Ferd. Walser, C. PP. S., Toledo, Ohio. Rev. M. Dentinger, C. PP. S., Pulaski, Ind. Rev. A. Zink, Loraine, Ohio. Rev. J. Berg, Remington, Ind. Rev. F. Jansen, Frankfort, Ind. Rev. G. Horstman, Reynolds, Ind. Rev. Lucas, O. S. F., Lafayette, Ind. Rev. F. Schalk, C. PP. S., Burkettsville, Ohio; Rev. A. Laux, C. PP. S., Chicago, Ill.

Mr. J. F. Sullivan, '02, and James Quinn, of Indianapolis, Ind. Mr. E. Burrows, Sedalia, Mo. Miss A. Helmig, Peru, Ind. Misses Smith and Rupert, Mr. G. Rupert, Reynolds, Ind. Mr. Ed. May, Tiffin, Ohio.



The early advent of spring has awakened in the student dreams of victories on the diamond, whilst visions of sensational catches, grand-stand plays and home-runs pass before him as he endeavors to master a difficult Latin passage or solve an otherwise easy problem. Already the campus is dotted with the figures of aspirants for baseball fame as they run hither and thither for the small sphere that always manages to elude their grasp or else revengefully precipitates itself—anywhere but in the hands of the eager ball-player.

As has already been stated in the last issue, the representative team has re-organized, but since then many important changes were made. The students of the St. Xavier hall have been prohibited from playing in the representative team, hence our plans for the ensuing season were entirely foiled. Still we have secured a team from the secular students that is not a bit inferior to the former team, and if given the proper support, will add more and more to the prestige that St.

Joseph's has acquired on the local diamond. Welsh is an old hand at twirling and has all the qualifications of a good pitcher—speed and curves, and is rapidly trimming up for the first encounter. Jones has been promoted to third to succeed Welsh, and Jas. Sullivan protects center-field in a very strong front; and when the season closes many will be the scalps of those who have fallen victims to the prowess of our team of 1903.

The new sweaters have arrived and are certainly of the first class order. The purple monogram presents a striking contrast to the white body of the sweater, and on a whole they greatly enhance the appearance of our team. Too great thanks can not be given to our Rev. Rector in his liberality to the team by the purchase of these sweaters for the boys.

The base-ball season opened at St. Joseph's on March 19, when the two old rivals, the St. Aquinos and St. Xaviers crossed bats for the first time. The game was a brilliant specimen of the national sport, being fast and snappy throughout. Although no earned runs were made by either side, yet the St. Aquinos were certainly entitled to the victory.—A wild throw by Didier tossed the game into the hands of the Aquino boys and thus netted the only two runs made in the entire game. Wachendorfer played a star game for the St. Xaviers, making some rather sensational catches. The pitching of the St. Aquino twirler was of the gilt edge order, only two hits being secured off his delivery. Monnin relieved Didier in the sixth and pitched a good game, giving only one safe hit.

The summary:

St. Aquinos— 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 x —2

St. Xaviers — 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 —0

Batteries—St. Aquinos—Myers and Welsh. St. Xaviers—Koenig, Didier and Monnin. Umpire—Flaherty and Didier. Time of game—1:55.

On Sunday, March 22, the Victors and the All Stars treated the spectators to a slugging match. The game was interesting till the sixth inning when the All Stars took an old-time balloon ascension and failed to come down till the game was over. Lack of practice was noticeable on both sides, yet at the beginning of the season this is excusable. Lonsway pitched an excellent game for the Victors, whilst Knapke's efforts with the mitt were features for the All Stars. The wild throws of Delaney on second helped materially to lose the game for the All Stars. Sullivan held first with ease. The score:

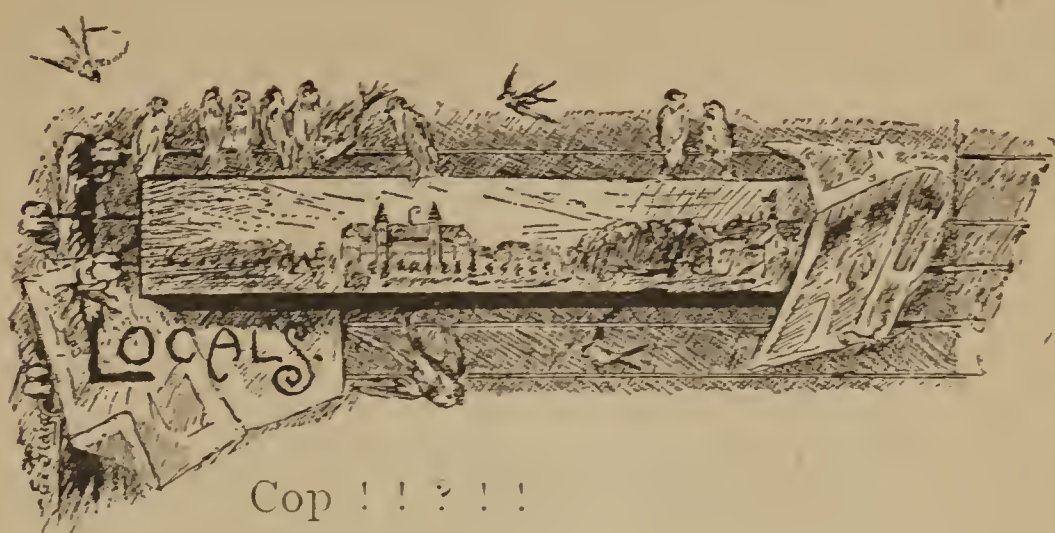
Victors — 2 1 2 1 0 6 2 3 3 —19

All Stars— 0 1 0 4 2 0 3 3 4 —17

Batteries—Victors; Cook, Lonsway and Fisher. All Stars; Kocks and Knapke. Umpire—Jones Time—2:05.

W. T. FLAHERTY, '04.





Cop !!!

Say! ——— ling.

Hey! ——— seed.

Now say you ain't!

Ben, get your bangs cut.

Willie, "Nig", and the hen house.

P. Welsh—First on your Easter eggs.

Beware of the hen house and — you know! !

Buben, die Baume schlagen aus, bleibt daheim.

Ask C. Daniel all about the Iowa corn-stalk story.

Meiering to Dahlinghaus—I can catch good barehanded balls.

Ben has a companion now on his canine journey——poor Bob.

Muhler—Did you ever eat mountain oysters.
Cook—Do I look it?

For the last month E. Cook has been expecting a box of can openers.

Who said Paul Welsh didn't like a certain pestiferous insect for supper.

Ode to the Singers.

Singing COMES from Heaven

So the poets say:

But singers GO to chapel—

After practice every day.

O'Donnell to Bryan—What would you do if you were a king! Bryan—I'd get a valet.

“Lets have a rough house, Joe:” “Nope, all my trousers are now worn out at the knee.”

The Victors have games scheduled from now until May 25th with the exception of June 24.

Wanted: A couple more good pitchers. For further particulars apply to any of the J. B. C.

The latest musical edition in the College is the base ball quartette. Great success to them!

Take the school house, court house, engine house and play house, but give me my hen-house.

Announcements will be made in time to secure seats for tragedy rehearsed by the base ball quartette.

Bro. Victor's business has gone down considerably since Lent began. At present he is selling on the first floor.

M. Bodine sometime ago before delivering one of his famous witticisms exclaimed, “Let me hear you smile once more.”

Fidelis—Why don't you wake up, Ivo, and walk a little faster? Ivo—Well, I wasn't born under constellation ‘deer’.

Playing the pipe organ is hard on the shoes, thinks Lang. Jones—So that's the reason he trips so lightly on his feet.

Bosco, No 1, at this place, said: “I now have done, but ere long one shall take my place. Who can son! son! with equal grace.”

Xavier—Say, don't you ever snore when you don't sleep? Schaefer—Oh, get out! Who says I can't sleep when I don't snore?

What is the matter with your left hind leg, Saccharenz? Isn't it a little shorter than the other? No, the other one is too long.

Flaherty to P. Mark—Oh! To-morrow is April Fool's Day, isn't it? P. Mark—Why yes, permit me to congratulate you in advance on your name's day.

In last month's number in the locals the word 'misery' was incorrectly substituted for 'nursery'. Though both words are very appropriate, yet 'nursery' has a shade the preference.

The entire student body unite in extending their heartfelt sympathy to E. A. Wills and J. F. Jones, who were called during the past month to attend the funeral of their uncles, the former to South Bend and the latter to Chicago.

Dan is a very reliable authority on duckology, but his knowledge is limited to the four tame 'wabblers' that perambulate the front yard in the morning. If the weather is warm he can tell precisely where they will go to roost in the evening.

The local editor on the south side would request the students not to put so many locals in his desk as he is so busy copying them and carrying whole armloads of bits of paper to the waste basket that he hardly finds time to look what time it is.

If on a Saturday afternoon you happen to see Camillus with his military cap a little on the left side of his head, walking around with a look of deep importance and heavy responsibility pictured on his 'fac-simile,' do not ask him what he is doing, or he will tell you that he's working on the first floor.

Ben Alt is the only fellow who is sure of an A. B. He has only to transpose his initials and he has it.

Benno likes to philosophize once in a while, and though he would not be thought wise, he occasionally drops out bits of wisdom which we cannot fail to print. We will try to print one of his excrescences with every number. The first one is: "A bad excuse is better than none, if it is accepted."

The wind moans dolefully and sighs among the tall oaks. A little colored lad creeps cautiously over the crackling twigs and makes his way to a low, dilapidated shanty. He slowly raises a trap door, but immediately hears voices within. "Fo' de lawd sake, somebody's in the hen-house. My time is beat."

On March 25th, Feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin, Solemn High Mass was celebrated in the College Chapel at five o'clock. Rev. Father Lucas, O. F. M., of Lafayette, was celebrant; Father Bartholomew assisted as deacon and Father Gerhard as sub-deacon, while Father Arnold acted as master of ceremonies.

Joe—John, why do you wear your new shoes on week days?

John—I want to break them in.

Joe—Why, you could do that on Sundays, couldn't you?

John—No, because that would be servile work.

Skinney Frei while sleeping the other night, said:—

"Here I lie snoring in my little trundle bed,

All night long keeping the other lads awake.

I don't mean any harm, but it's for my own sake."

HONORARY MENTION

HONORARY MENTION.

The names of those students that have made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

95-100 PER CENT.

E. Wills, B. Holler, R. Monnin, A. Schuette, L. Huber, E. Flaig, A. McGill, J. Braun, P. Welsh, A. Koenig, B. Alt, H. Muhler, E. Cook, E. Lonsway, B. Quell, R. Halpin, J. Steinbrunner, M. Bodine, A. Schaefer, F. Wachendorfer, A. Scheidler, R. Schwieterman, M. Shea, B. Wellman, V. Sibold, X. Jaeger, W. Flaherty, C. Grube, F. Didier, W. Scheidler, M. O'Connor, J. Diemert, E. Pryor, V. Meagher, J. Becker, R. Rath, M. Helmig, O. Knapke, C. Frericks, C. Fischer, J. McCarthy, N. Keller, J. Schmitt, E. Freiburger, E. Vurpillat, C. Boeke, C. Daniel, F. Gribba, D. Fitzgerald, N. Allgeier, I. Collins, O. Hentges, F. May, H. Grube, I. Weis, C. Kloeters, R. Beck, J. Costello, W. Hoffman, G. Meier, J. Miller, W. Rieman, E. Olberding, P. Wiese, P. Bodemiller, B. Condon, U. Reitz, T. Coyne, M. Schumacher, W. Lieser, W. Meiering, H. Dahlinghaus, J. Lieser, A. Sutter, B. Schmitz, J. Lang, P. Carlos, C. Myers, A. Birkmeier, J. Ramp, C. Mason, J. Sullivan, J. Saccone, A. Saccone, E. Barnard, J. Bryan, J. O'Donnell,

90-95 PER CENT.

L. Monahan, J. A. Sullivan, T. Quinlan, E. Grimme, P. Thom, E. Howe, A. Linnemann, A. Delaney, M. Lang, P. Peiffer, A. Scherrieb, J. Notheis, J. Grobmyer, J. Burke, J. Hunt, R. Ottke, C. Sankot, J. Wiese, J. Weber, P. Miller.

CLASS WORK.

90-100 PER CENT.

E. Wills, A. Schuette, P. Welsh, I. Wagner, R. Halpin, J. Steinbrunner, F. Didier, W. Flaherty, L. Monahan, B. Wellman, E. Pryor, O. Knapke, C. Frericks, C. Fischer, C. Boeke, C. Daniel, I. Collins, W. Lieser, J. Lieser, H. Grube, F. May, I. Weis, F. Kocks, A. Linneman, R. Beck, P. Peiffer, E. Olberding, C. Kloeters, P. Wiese, P. Bodemiller, B. Condon, W. Meiering, J. Notheis, A. Sutter, C. Myers, J. Burke, R. Ottke, J. Sullivan, L. Bergman, J. Saccone.

84-90 PER CENT.

R. Monnin, X. Jaeger, L. Huber, E. Flaig, J. Braun, M. Bodine, A. McGill, A. Koenig, C. Grube, F. Wachendorfer, W. Scheidler, A. Scheidler, R. Schwieterman, M. O'Connor, V. Meagher, R. Rath, M. Helmig, N. Keller, E. Freiburger, J. Bryan, E. Vurpillat, F. Gribba, D. Fitzgerald, N. Allgeier, O. Hentges, A. Delaney, W. Hoffman, E. Howe, A. Scherrieb, U. Reitz, F. Coyne, M. Schumacher, H. Dahlinghaus, B. Schmitz, J. Grobmyer, A. Birkmeier, J. Lang, P. Carlos, J. Jones, J. Ramp, P. Miller, C. Sankot, J. Wiese, C. Conlon.



BETWEEN

Chicago

Indianapolis

Cincinnati

Louisville

And The South.

TWO TRAINS DAILY

**To the Famous
Health Resort**

FRENCH LICK SPRINGS

In the Orange County Highlands

The Best Mineral Waters on Earth.

City Ticket Office: 232 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

JOHN R. VANATTA,

DEALER IN

Harness, Saddles, Collars, Lap Robes,

Blankets, Whips, Combs and Brushes.

RENSSELAER, - - - - - IND.

At Our Store You Will Always Find A FULL

LINE OF DRUGS.

Prescriptions Promptly and Carefully Filled.

A Complete LINE Of Patent Medicines Always On Hand.

LARSH, THE DRUGGIST

RENSSELAER, IND.